

Halo Reach: Survival

by Nocturne Blaze

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Summary: My rewrite of the Halo Reach ending

Halo Reach: Survival

****A/N:** I wrote this during class with the idea of a one-off in mind. Halo does not belong to me, etc. Reviews are appreciated.**

****LONE WOLF****

****18 38 HOURS****

****11/03/2552 MILITARY CALENDAR****

****SHIP BREAKING YARD IN ASZOD****

SUBJECT: B352

NAME: UNKNOWN

GENDER: FEMALE

DATE OF BIRTH: -REDACTED-

/TRANSMISSION BEGIN/

I looked up at the sunset orange sky, wondering what the war would be like after this dayâ€¦|

Hearing the whir of the Phantoms the Covies use as transport, I spun around, seeing the big purple beast fly overhead.

Here we goâ€¦|

I lifted my DMR to level, looked through the scope at a herd of grunts, pulled the trigger. Once. Twice. Thrice. Four times. I caught

sight of my radar, turning around just in time to prevent an elite from drawing his wristblade and stabbing me from behind.

The onslaught continued. I knew I couldn't last long under this pressure. I saw the Field Marshall running up to me with his energy sword drawn, ready to strike me down any second. I backed up, kicked his leg and saw the broken bone pierce out of his alien calf. He roared out a terrible sound, one that could send even the biggest of creatures bounding away. Taking this opportunity, I punched his ugly, grey split-lipped face, breaking his jaw, or the alien equivalent of his jaw anyway. At this, he dropped his sword to the ground, and it deactivated. I picked up the weird-looking hilt, and squeezed, feeling pleased when the energy blade materialized, and killed the bastard.

But it was too late. An elite ranger saw me from afar, and fired one single round, which hit me in my visor, cracking it. With my vision impaired, I began to slash randomly, praying that I would get a lucky hit on one of the lizard-like bipedals.

Soon enough, my visor got cracked so badly it was hardly of use to protect my head. I released the airtight seal, heard the hiss, and pulled the tattered grey helmet off. I was surrounded.

Firing my assault rifle, I remembered the rest of Noble team, and how they died. I fear that I may be joining them soon.

Just my luck. A ghost.

The Elite piloting it had just saw me, and started to boost in my direction. Shaking off the others who were attacking me before, I turned to face the ghost, barely twenty meters away, still advancing. Its now or never.

I jumped.

Perfect. I was clinging on to the speeding ghost from the back. The stunned Elite looked at me before reaching for his plasma pistol. I pulled out my M6D, brought it to his face and fired thrice. The purple blood splattered onto my bare face and my chest, but I just pulled the carcass out of the pilot seat, and climbed in myself.

The controls for the ghost were relatively simple, as compared to the other vehicles I have seen during the War. A joystick to maneuver, two pedals on either side to boost/brake, and another joystick for the weapons system.

After going nonstop for about five minutes after I escaped, a pelican about to take off caught my eye. I saw some marines inside, guarding something I could not make out.

"HEY! STOP!" I shouted out to get their attention, but the roar of the engines were too loud, even for me. I tried to boost the Ghost, but it overheated, so I dismounted the Ghost and ran up as fast as my feet could carry me. I saw a marine run inside the pelican and heard the engines powering down a few seconds later.

The same marine reappeared, and walked up to me.

"Wow, another one. It's an honor to have you here Lieutenant." The

marine voiced out. Jenkins, his name was. "Another one?" I questioned.

"Yep, another Spartan." I could not believe my ears. Another survivor of Noble. "We found him in a wrecked pelican that crashed into a scarab. It's a miracle that he survived." Carter is alive?

I walked into the pelican, seeing three marines sitting around. Oh wait, There was also a Spartan, wounded badly, sitting on the floor of the pelican.

Carter.

I dropped to my knees, and started crying. I thought that they were all dead because of me. All of their deaths flash back, and I saw my brothers and sister die. Except Carter. I stood up, walked to his side, when I noticed the marines staring at me.

His eyes fluttered open, and he smiled. "Guess you really can survive anything, huh?"

"You too, sir." I responded.

"So it seems. I put on my helmet and went into armor lock as soon as I sent the last transmission to you and Emile, and survived the impact. But when the scarab fell, the armor lock needed to recharge, and I took a few hits while tumbling down. These guys were supposed to be on the way to the evacuation, but they saw the crashed pelican, and went to search for survivors, as per protocol. But enough of me, where's Emile?" he spoke the story of his survival and asked what was needed.

"KIA. He sacrificed himself to get the Pillar of Autumn in orbit, sort of." Dead. That word just remained in my mind.

"Everything's wrapped up, let's go already!" I heard Jenkins shout, and looked away. The bay doors closed, and the pelican climbed into orbit.

This is a cargo pelican, a few times bigger than an ordinary one, and could easily fit a Scorpion into the cargo bay, and still have room for two mongeese, or mongooses or whatever. I picked up a can of Biofoam from a first aid kit that I found on the wall, brought it to the injector port on the side of my right breast, and injected the foam in. A sudden icy cold swarmed into my body, and suddenly dissipated.

I'm not alone.

End
file.